

Kick Him N A N:

1605/586

OR, A

POETICAL DESCRIPTION

OF A

WEDDING NIGHT.

By the Author of Kick him Jenny.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. REYNOLDS in the Strand.

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Poetical Description of a WEDDING-NIGHT.

HEN Flesh and Blood are in their Prime,
Nature, if not subdu'd in time,
In either Sex creates Desire,
Which, if not quench'd, breaks out in Fire;
But, to prevent such foul Miscarriage,
The Sages instituted Marriage:
The *Priestly* Sanction thus does prove
A Remedy 'gainst boist'rous Love;
For such Miscarriage wou'd have been,
Without it, an enormous Sin.
And yet we find, as Matters stood
In ancient Days, before the *Flood*,
E're one to one had been confin'd,
By *Priestcraft's* rigid Statutes join'd,
Our Fathers multiply'd their Kind:
Favours on many they bestow'd,
And frankly their Good-nature shew'd;
Engrossing did not then begin,
Nor was *Polygamy* a Sin:

But as it had been Heaven's Command,
Then *Man* did in Obedience stand,
And plainly manifested, he
Was *Lord o'er All*, and Lord would be.

But why such Reasoning in this Place?
What is it to the present Case?
Why, 'tis by Way of Introduction,
As Pumps draw Water up by Suction;
Your Sense of Hearing to attract
To what has my Invention rackt,
And may digested be by You,
Which take in Words that do ensue.

There liv'd a Knight of parlous Fame,
But when, or where, or what's the Name,
It matters not, 'tis all the same:
His eldest Daughter, as 'tis said,
Had yet retain'd her Maiden-head;
And, if you will believe my Tale,
It had a Hogo, 'twas so stale:
And as it would no longer keep,
The Knight abroad began to peep,
In hopes of finding one who might
In such good Ven'fon take Delight;
And so prevent (as People tell)
His Daughter's leading *Apes in Hell*.



His Labour with Success was crown'd,
A Youth with manly Parts he found,
In whom *good Nature* did abound.
He did invite him to his House,
And shew'd him there his future Spouse;
He then survey'd the beauteous Dame,
Her Eyes, his Heart do now inflame,
And all his Looks, his Love proclaim.
Time they allotted for his Wooing,
To get *that Same*, he still was suing,
Dream'd every Night he saw her move,
And met her with the *Wings of Love*;
Wanton'd in Happiness all Night,
And then, in Transport of Delight,
Carefs'd the Pillow, and with Kisses,
Thought he enjoy'd the *Bliss of Bliss*:
But in the Morning, when awake,
He soon discover'd his Mistake;
And, 'till he saw the lovely Fair,
Who laid, and catch'd him in the Snare;
The Hours, he said, mov'd flow away,
And each long Minute seem'd a Day.

Whether she lov'd him in her Heart,
And was well pleas'd with *Cupid's Dart*,
Or feign'd a Passion in Compliance
To the Knight's Will, for no Defiance
She gave thereto (her filial Duty
Was as apparent as her Beauty)

I will not undertake to say,
So speak it only by the way.

To call the Dame *Coquette*, or *Prude*,
Would, I must own, be something rude;
Wherefore I shall conclude her zealous,
And of her Actions not be jealous;
But will believe her as sincere
In all her Words, as she was Fair.

The Nuptial-Day was soon declared,
And a most sumptuous Feast prepared;
By Summons then the Tenants all
Assembled in the spacious Hall;
The Parson and the Clerk were ready,
And waited for the Virgin-Lady;
Eager their Duty to discharge,
That they might eat and drink at large;
For every Clerk has (let me tell y')
And every Parson too, a *Belly*
Capacious, as their Minds, when they
At *Free-cost* glutton Night and Day.

The Bride, attir'd in White (from whence
An Emblem comes of Innocence)
Enters the Hall, the Bridegroom next,
And now the Parson names his Text;
He look'd, and cast a Side-glance at her,
For, Faith, she made his Mouth to water;
And now, by Vertue of his Function,
The Two are chang'd to *One Conjunction*;

Conjunction Copulative 'twas stiled
By him, at which some People smiled,
Mysterious Thing! 'tis wondrous strange,
Into One two distinct to change;
But let us quit such Speculation,
'Tis too abstruse for Explanation,
And turn our Eyes to Love's-Affair,
So view the late new-married Pair.

The Priest in Matrimonial Bands,
As they their Hearts, had join'd their Hands:
But, to compleat the *Mystick Union*,
They wanted something, call'd *Communion*;
Or, *Consummation*, if you please,
Which made the Bridegroom ill at Ease;
He therefore gave the Bride the Wink,
And left the Guests to eat and drink;
While he retir'd to please his Fancy,
With his beloved, charming -----y.

The Door he lock'd, and in his Arms
(Resolv'd to rifle all her Charms)
But she cry'd --- *Pish* --- nay, then --- *what now!*
Somebody comes! --- you shan't I vow ---
Pr'ythee forbear (she, whisp'ring said)
Have Patience, till we are in Bed:
I vow, my Dear, you are to blame,
Why, this is sure a monstrous Shame!
The Bridegroom smil'd, and kiss'd the Bride,
And then unto her thus reply'd:

No Stop or Stay my Heart shall quail,
Smile, and my Purpose will prevail;
Nought shall my Hands or Lips controul,
I'll kiss thee through, I'll kiss thy Soul:
Labour there is, but yet no Shame,
The solid Pleasure is the same;
Never, oh! never to be done,
Where Love is ever but begun.

I dare not yield, and yet I must,
Left to myself I prove unjust,
Quoth she; and thus the active Mote,
When buzzing forth her harmless Note,
Around the burning Candle flies,
Till in the Flame she's catch'd, and dies.

At length she struggled a Consent,
With pleasing Art---so to't they went:
For every Kiss he gave before,
She thankfully return'd a Score.

The Lady quickly miss'd her Daughter,
And, to prevent the Victim's Slaughter,
The Knight and she, who *smell'd a Rat*,
And guessing what they would be at,
Tript it up Stairs, and peep'd --- and saw ---
Mercy upon us, such a Flaw ---
The Mother said, but she shall trick him,
Then bawl'd out --- *Kick him, Daughter, kick him!*
Quoth she --- *I cannot for my Heart,*
For well I like the pleasing Smart.
Come, said the Knight, come, come, I say,
And let 'em sport the Time away;
You know, my Dear, 'tis no new Game,
When married first, we play'd the Same.

F I N I S.

